

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Sixteenth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 914.

SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1881.

PRICE 1½d.

ARE WE A MUSICAL PEOPLE?

THE advance of musical culture in England is not less remarkable than the general progress of the people in material prosperity ; and there is more than a seeming correspondence between increase of wealth and development of the aesthetic capabilities of the nation. In the nature of things, they must advance together. Being richer than our fathers, we have more leisure for the cultivation of the higher tastes. When men are absorbed in unremitting toil for the first elements of existence, they have no time to devote to the finer arts. The *utile* is so incessant in its demands, that the *dulce* is almost ignored. What odds and ends of time may be unemployed are spent in neighbourly gossip, or are dozed away in churlish vacuity. Those who have spent some time with farmers and peasants in out-of-the-way districts, know how a dull, unvaried mode of life in the open air seems to stun the finer parts of human sensibility and to blunt the emotions. In our climate, so changeful, and so charged with damp exhalations, the stupefying influences of out-of-door occupation are intensified. Hence the slumber of the rural soul, and its feeble response to the stimulus of art.

Yet, even in the most comatose villages, there is admission that the aesthetic world exists. In the peasant's cot, garish oleographs circulated by the grocer in the guise of an almanac, are plastered on the walls ; shepherds and shepherdesses in rude china-ware make the mantel-shelf resplendent with the glories of gilding and carmine ; and dogs and cats, of singular mien and maculations, of proportions new to the most advanced comparative anatomist, rejoice young and old with the potter's skill. Along the straight furrow, the ploughman whistles as he walks. Trudging home with empty wain from market, his emotions thawed by fumes of beer, he breaks out into snatches of a quaint chant, that startle one by their utter denial of all that we have been taught of the laws of phrase and cadence. Young voices, too, rouse the village echoes with archaic ditties ; for love and hope find melodic expression in Giles and Sally in spite of

hard-worked muscles. At festival-time, fiddles make their feet go tripping with bucolic grace, and even constrain their elders to beat time to the witching rhythm.

All this shows that country-folks have artistic sympathies, but dulled and obscured by excessive physical labour, by the absence of high standards, and by the limited exercise of their faculties. Country-folks are the raw material of the nation, out of which have been elaborated all our artists. As in the most primitive we find proof of musical susceptibility, which grows under education, we must admit that we *are* a musical people. What apathy exists is evidence of aesthetic starvation ; apathy which will give place to energy under the stimulus of proper nutrition.

We see what may be hoped for, in the musical impressibility of town populations. These we know are recruited from country-folks. Though the work of artisans may be hard and prolonged, it does not paralyse the higher powers. In the streets, there are thousands of objects which excite the aesthetic susceptibilities ; pictures, prints, sculptures, architectural wonders keep up a reverberation of excitement in the mind. Taste improves, and we find, in the poorest homes, artistic embellishments of a higher order than in the villages. Popular melodies pass from mouth to mouth like an epidemic ; so that thousands are singing and whistling them with the simultaneousness of a vast orchestra. Cheap instruments, facile in the playing, furnish musical toys for urchins, and serve to foster what natural ability they may have. The mechanical organs and pianos, which penetrate into the remotest slums and alleys, spread musical culture even among the dregs of the people. They are, in effect, so many perambulating conservatoires teaching the masses the most accepted music of the day. No doubt the organ-grinder is a nuisance to many ; he certainly has raised black-mailing to a high art ; he is often a truculent *Æolus* making an unjustifiable windy war upon us ; but, for the poor he is a beneficent emissary from Apollo, bringing rhythmical joys into a dull world. The organ-

grinder is moreover the standing argument that we are a supremely musical people. In his native Italy, he finds no pecuniary response to his varied strains; in Germany, a benevolent police kick him over the frontier; in France, he is reduced to a brass-ticketed mendicant, and allotted by some pious householder to a 'stand' under the *porte-cochère*. In Britain alone dare he give unfettered vent to a wondrous anthology, comprising *La Fille de Madame Angot*, the *Row Polka*, *Adeste Fideles*, *Champagne Charlie*, the *Marseillaise Hymn*, the Sailor's Hornpipe, the prayer from *Moses in Egypt*, and the *Blue Danube* waltz. The poorest of the poor find means to requite him with such rewards as induce him to visit them systematically.

The annual invasion of the Germans with their bands is more than presumptive evidence of our love of music. Surely some of us must be even grossly biased in favour of sweet sounds, to peculiarly encourage the authors of the most appalling combinations of tone ever extorted from brass and wood! With the same consciousness of lofty justice that their brethren displayed in 'requisitioning' the conquered French, the band arranges itself under our windows, and, without parley or prelude, discharges upon us a bombardment of crashing discords, amid which we faintly hear bold *Tom Bowling*, or gentle *Annie Laurie* imploring for mercy. No sooner is the operation over, than the door knocker is struck with a peremptory vigour that shows the 'collector' feels as much right to our money as though he were levying an authorised music-rate!

The English, indeed, must be notorious for their appreciation of sounds, for every nation hurries to entertain us with its 'airs.' Brigands from Abruzzo and shepherds from the Campagna come in troops to minister to our hunger for tone. Who has not been amazed at these savages in blue mantles and sheep-skin jerkins, with legs bandaged by strips of dirty calico, and feet shod with straps of leather fastened with complicated thong? Why do they come with piccolo and bagpipe, with dancing boys and girls like palpable ghosts of the old pagan world, if not attracted by rumours of our frantic adoration of music? Judging from their numbers, brigandage and shepherding are poor professions compared with that which supplies the *Inglese* with musical refreshment?

The amount of money that vagabond minstrels from the continent carry annually from Britain must be great. It has been stated by numerous inquirers into the ways and means of these people, that the daily earnings of the organ-grinders are from four to five shillings a head. The bandsmen probably do not obtain much less. As none of the tribe is wanting in effrontery, and as all are smilingly alert, there is no chance lost of getting something out of us.

Besides foreign itinerant musicians, a very large number of natives devote themselves to amusing the uncritical public. They belong to the night-side of city life, and their patrons are chiefly the *habitués* of the public-house. Many of them make a better income than skilled mechanics; but it is wasted in the low debaucheries that are inseparable from Bohemian modes of life.

The number of music-halls in every large town is further evidence of the inclination of

the lower class for musical performances. There are many of these wholly supported by the labouring poor. The songs are not such as charm refined ears; but now and then *morceaux* from the operas are given, which elicit much enthusiasm. Comic songs are most approved, especially those depicting episodes in humble life or the sporting world. But the sentimental and the patriotic are not wanting in the *artistes'* repertoires. The orchestra is often limited to a piano and violin, and tempestuous quadrilles and noisy overtures chiefly fill up the intervals of the vocalists' programme. Vulgar as the entertainments may sometimes be, compared with 'Monday Popular Concerts' or the 'Subscription' Concerts of the higher classes, there is yet, upon the whole, little that tends to debase the hearers.

The middle class furnish overwhelming testimony that the English are musical. In every house there is an altar devoted to Saint Cecilia, and all are taught to serve her to the best of their ability. The altar is the pianoforte. In no other country is there anything like the vast multitude of piano-players that reside amongst us. In Germany, the land of master-pianists, we find the number of amateur players comparatively few. Some certainly deserve to be reckoned among the *virtuosi*, for massiveness of understanding and power of execution. Probably our most skilful and gifted amateurs are inferior to them, for the English want that complete absorption in art which characterises the German mind. But apart from exceptionally great players, we have a much greater trained musical public than Germany; and the reason is, because our middle class is much more numerous and far more wealthy. The most unimpeachable criterion of the greater diffusion of musical culture amongst us is given in the price of musical publications. Nowhere are they so cheap. During the past thirty years the musical press has been as active as the newspaper press. The advancing culture of the middle class has stimulated publishers to issue all the masterpieces of the world at prices so low, that only an enormous sale could justify the ventures. For a few shillings we can purchase the most perfect editions of Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelsohn, Schubert, and Weber, with all the difficult passages fingered. Now, to play the music of the masters mentioned requires years of practice, sound instruction, and above all, a deep love of music itself. Making every allowance for fashion, for desire to shine in the drawing-room, for all that is extraneous to art, there remains immense proof of musical devotion in the young ladies and gentlemen who study to do justice to such subjects as the *Moonlight Sonata* and the *Songs without Words*. Only hard work and sustained ambition can enable us to interpret such compositions; and certain it is that they are admirably interpreted by thousands.

It is well to observe in passing, that the works of Beethoven, which many of his contemporaries considered madly extravagant and unmeaning, are now as highly appreciated in England as in Germany itself.

But our pianists are not so numerous as our vocalists. There are in town and country thousands of choral singers, whose musical knowledge enables them to render the most difficult compositions. In this department of the art we also excel. The Oratorio is almost exclusively an

English institution. It was amongst us that Handel found appreciation, and his sublime strains never fail to delight and exalt us, however often repeated. The gorgeous 'Festival' given in his honour triennially at the Crystal Palace is unique in musical history. Mendelssohn wrote *Elijah* and *St Paul* for us; Costa found fame and fortune in giving us *Naaman* and *Elé*; and Sullivan has steadily advanced to the highest success by following the lead of Handel. The triumph he achieved at the recent Leeds Festival is memorable even in these musical days. Every year there are several great festival performances, which bring together multitudes of singers and hearers from remote parts of the country. It is admitted by capable foreign judges that for beauty and power of voice, our choristers are unsurpassed by the best singers of the continent; and their musical ability is also admitted to be very high. The middle class indeed simply vindicate for their country a conspicuous place among the musical nations of the world.

Our great soloists are, if possible, more distinguished than the choristers. The names of Reeves, Lloyd, and Santley recall some of the most thrilling of our musical experiences; and such ladies as Clara Novello, Sherrington, and Patey have won reputations wide as the world. Sacred music could not have more exquisite interpreters than these. As artistes they are unsurpassed; sweeter voices never were heard; and in fidelity to the theme, they display a judgment as profound as their art.

As patrons of the Italian opera, the aristocracy have deserved well of the general community. Wealth and rank were needed to foster that costly exotic in our gloomy clime. From London the circle of culture has widened, until it has reached the extremities of the United Kingdom; and now the opera has become almost a native institution. It is impossible to estimate the influence of the artistes from Covent Garden and Her Majesty's Theatre in their concert tours through the provinces. They have brought the opera, as it were, into remote towns, and left a standard of vocal art behind them, that has permanently raised the taste of the district. Mozart, Rossini, Verdi, and Gounod have become more familiar to the inhabitants of our shires than they are to their own provincial countrymen.

There are many who say that all this is merely a proof of musical receptivity, and that we take Italian and German operatic airs as we do French fashions of dress. They say that we have no real genius for the opera, and that the evidence lies in the absence of great native composers. It is vain to place Balfe, Wallace, Sullivan, and a few less conspicuous writers, forward as proof that England is not wholly dependent upon foreign talent. Our adverse critics deny the writers named, any originality. Now, it is quite true that the opera is the spontaneous creation of the fervid soil of Italy. Yet it does not follow that it cannot be produced by musicians of other countries. Mozart, Weber, Meyerbeer, Auber, and Gounod have enriched the world with masterpieces so superlative, that the Italians enjoy them as much as the productions of their own brethren. Wagner is acknowledged, by those competent to give an opinion, to be the greatest operatic composer living; and he, we know, is not an Italian.

In other fields of creative art, the English are endowed with genius far beyond that of the Italians. In intellect and emotion, we do not fall short of the greatest peoples living. British poetry, fiction, and painting are in some respects in advance of those of other nations. We must remember, too, that Raphael and others made Italy glorious when our pictorial skill was utterly barbarous. Dante preceded Shakespeare, but he did not surpass him. It is therefore impossible to pronounce a final judgment upon the capability of British operatic composers. If no great work has yet appeared, there is ample evidence extant to show what our composers can do. An analysis of the opera shows that it is made up of arias, concerted vocal pieces, recitatives, and accompaniments. But who that is acquainted with our ballads, glee, quartettes, and choruses will refuse them their undeniable claims to beauty of form, to soundness of scholarship, to originality of conception? All that is wanted is a genius sufficiently powerful to combine the elements into the organic compound called an opera. The late Prince Consort, who was a man of high taste, wide culture, and also a musician, combated the notion that we are not a musical people. His knighting of Henry Bishop, and general encouragement of British musical talent, had a large influence in promoting our artistic welfare, and his name deserves to be venerated by all musicians.

With respect to English opera, it is well to remember that it has had to suffer under great discouragement. Fashion has favoured the Italians. English managers and artistes have lost enormously in attempts to make native operas a success. And though a great and salutary change has taken place in the past decade, yet a young composer would find it hard to get his works introduced upon the lyric stage. Still, hope has dawned upon us, and time seems only needed to make English opera a thriving institution. Musical culture is no longer limited to the well-to-do. All children are under instruction, for singing now forms part of the education given in primary schools. Hence, whatever genius is contained in the masses will have opportunities and furtherances never before known. A musical public is rising, that means nothing less than the whole inhabitants of Britain. From it will proceed such ample and discriminating patronage as must make a musical career highly remunerative to composers and artistes alike. The near future will probably show that we are not only a musical people, but one of the greatest among contemporary nations.

THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

BY JOHN B. HARWOOD.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—MR CRAWLEY THE CLERK.

THERE was bustle and stir in the busy Yard of Mervyn & Co. where the steam-saws, with their jagged teeth, that seemed to eat their way through the stoutest timber, glided or revolved; where mallets rang gaily on the oaken ribs of wooden yachts, and sharp hammer-strokes tingled and clashed as they forced in the bolts of the iron steam launches and light craft destined to float their way up African and American rivers; and where, with an encouraging word for the indus-

trious, and a power even over the veriest time-servers and skulkers there, who did their best for a bit after 'Mr Bertram' had passed by, Bertram Oakley seemed the mainspring of the whole mechanism of the place.

There are those who seem born to be loved, who are called, after a fashion of semi-conscious affection, by their Christian names, behind their backs, and perhaps with the ceremonial prefix of 'Mr' appended; and Bertram was one of them. He had been but a short time Assistant Manager; and already the many underlings who drew the pay and did the bidding of Mervyn & Co., looked, in cases of doubt or difficulty, far more to this young man, so lately come among them, than to his titular superior, the Manager, who was respected, but not liked. 'Mr Bertram can do it'—'He'll settle it, Mr Bertram will' became proverbial sayings among the shipwrights. To be sure, Long Tom and the reinforcement of hammermen and carpenters from Blackwall had sung their young leader's praises loudly enough; and Bertram's easy victory over the river pirates who had captured the *Golden Gate* was magnified by Southampton rumour into gigantic proportions; but in the main, the men judged as much by what they saw as by what they heard; and they obeyed the new Assistant Manager with a willing obedience, like that of soldiers for a captain they can honour and trust.

It was not only among the men who plied mallet and plane and clinking hammer that Oakley won golden opinions. The clerks respected him; and Mr Weston himself, convinced by the inexorable logic of facts, began to consider that Mr Mervyn's usual sagacity had not, in the selection of this young man for a post so arduous, been at fault. Mr Weston's family, at whose house Bertram was an almost daily guest, had no doubt whatever as to the wisdom of the principal's choice. Esteem and liking appeared to be the natural atmosphere that surrounded the youthful Assistant Manager of the famous Yard; but there was one exception, not unimportant, to the general chorus of approval. Bertram had not the good-will of, was not liked by, Mr Crawley the head-clerk.

Mr Crawley was no common clerk. He belonged to the Confidential variety of the species, high up in the official hierarchy. An excellent accountant, steady, punctual as the sun, and with a real aptitude for figures and finance, Mr Crawley had been for several years a well-paid subordinate of Messrs Mervyn. He had hoped to be more than Chief or Confidential Clerk. He had coveted that place of Assistant Manager to which Bertram had been appointed; and bitterly, if silently, did Mr Crawley, who was a man of middle age, resent the early promotion of his junior. Mr Crawley in the flesh was stout made, high-shouldered, and puffy, with a white flat face, that the smallpox had not improved; with hair and whiskers that were red; and peculiarly bushy eyebrows, that were red too. At school, he had borne the nickname of Judas; perhaps as much on account of his looks as of certain treacherous propensities of which he was accused. He was a down-looking man, furtive, unpopular; but strong in the excellence of his moral character and his clear head for accounts. What was most remarkable about the man was his eye—round, pale, cold, cruel—such an eye as we see in the parrot or in the cuttle-

fish—an organ good to see with, but unsmiling, unsparkling, without sympathy—a merciless eye. If it has any expression, this eye of Mr Crawley's, the expression is a malignant one, as, from the window of his solitary room, he watches Bertram cross the Yard.

Bertram Oakley, all unconscious that Mr Crawley, like a thing of evil, was eyeing him with no friendly scrutiny through the glazed side of his little official lair, passed on towards the workshops; and had not long been lost to sight, before there came a half-stealthy, half-swaggering footstep on the crisp gravel without, and then a tap at the door. In response to Mr Crawley's 'Come in,' the door opened, and there entered a man, over-dressed, bejewelled, dark, sallow, fierce-eyed—a hawk masquerading in peacock's plumage, so to speak.

'Well, my buck!' said the visitor, with a familiar nod and a careless wink, as he swaggered across the room towards a chair, whereon he seated himself, laying his glossy hat on the pile of ledgers beside him, and tapping his lacquered boots with the point of his gold-headed riding-stick. Mr Crawley jumped with unwonted alacrity from his padded armchair, and hurriedly drew down the blind, so as to prevent any one without from scrutinising the aspect of his guest.

The guest, who marked the precaution, sneered perceptibly. 'You are caution itself, Henny,' he said. Now 'Henny' is not a customary familiarism for that plain Christian name of Henry, which improves by its being changed into the more dashing Harry; but Mr Crawley was never styled Harry in his boyhood.

'Men of business,' said the Chief Clerk sententiously, 'have got to be cautious.'

'I daresay you have, old fox!' was the insolent reply; and then the two men looked at one another in silence.

'You ought not to have come here, really, now, Nat! On my honour, you ought not!' said Mr Crawley, with a suppressed energy that brought a tinge of unwholesome colour into his white face.

'Your honour, eh, Henny!' sneered the visitor, who took and maintained the lead in the conversation. 'But what, old chap, makes you ashamed of me? These togs I wear, do they come out of a Jew-clothesman's bag? Is my hat seedy? Are my boots open at the seams, or my gloves out at the finger-tips? Men cut their chums when these signs of poverty become apparent; and quite right too. But I am a swell.'

'It's not your get-up, Nat—it's the face of you—your walk—your behaviour,' explained the Confidential Clerk. 'Why couldn't you wait till I called in at Radley's—or the S. W.—to ask if you were there?'

'Because I wanted to hurry matters on a bit, and to spur on your laggard spirit to a quicker pace,' answered the visitor, stroking his long moustache. 'You are the tortoise, Henny; and I am the hare, as I used to tell you in our old school-days—and many a drubbing I gave you then—long ago, at Dulchester Grammar-school.'

These were no agreeable reminiscences of boyhood's cheery hour to evoke; but a third person, had such been present, might have conceived that the visitor spoke in accordance with a set purpose,

and deemed it necessary to assert a superiority which was probably based upon his possession of greater audacity and a bolder bearing than the other could boast.

'We won't quarrel,' said the Confidential Clerk, with a ghastly smile. 'As Peachum said to Lockit'—

'Either of us could hang the other!' broke in the man who was called Nat, completing the quotation, and in a tone of quaint good-humour. 'It's little good we ever got, Henny, out of the grand affair, years ago, that was to be the making of us both. We are getting on in age, and still your advice is the same—don't kill the goose that lays the golden eggs, stingy as the goose is.'

'Not unless you are sure of a golden store worth your trouble,' returned Mr Crawley, in a low, cautious voice. 'But what brings you here to-day, Nat? Your courtship, I suspect, does not prosper, or you would scarcely have run the risk of coming here, where *he* might recognise you.'

'You mean that confounded young Oakley?' demanded the other, with a frown and a stamp. 'Not that I'd wish the fellow harm, if he were not always in my path. A plague upon him! He has got to possess some strong influence over the girl. Twice I've seen them together, talking too earnestly to mark me, as I watched them from among the trees of the Avenue. And Miss seems less scared too, when I try to speak to her, as if she had plucked up spirit to defy me.'

'Ay, ay!' said Mr Crawley, rubbing his sleek hands together with a stealthy air of suppressed enjoyment.

'It's not that I'm jealous, Judas, if you mean that by your smirk and your hand-rubbings,' rejoined the dark man roughly. 'This Rose is but a chit of a girl, who might fancy anybody she pleases, were it not for the fortune that goes along with that mite of a hand of hers. With my marriage certificate in my grip, I could walk up to a moneyed party who shall be nameless, as if I held a pistol to his head, and say'—

'Stand and deliver, I suppose,' struck in the Chief Clerk, with his snuggling laugh. 'Not forgetting halves, eh, for your obedient, humble servant, here? We must not sell the bear's skin, though, before Bruin is brought to bay. Come; we are in the same boat, and our interests are identical. You, too, hate this upstart, that has been put over my head, and'—

'For the matter of that, I don't,' interrupted Nat bluntly. 'I look on the thing in a business point of view. The lad did me a good turn once. So have old mates at Bendigo and California; and yet it came to knifing and six-shooters at the dividing of the plunder. Not that bowies and pistols are wanted here,' he added, seeing the dismay that was written in his pacific confederate's face. 'No, no, Judas; you needn't fear my importing Californian customs among you quiet home-staying rogues, whose first requirement is a safe skin. What nice, snug, little game can that sly brain of yours suggest, to get rid of this Bertram, who thwarts my matrimonial projects, and stands, old boy, in your light?'

'Leave that to me. I must think it over. You, Nat, were always one of the violent ones; but I got on best in the long-run—didn't I?' returned Mr Crawley innocently, and with the

hideous grin that with him did duty for a smile.

'I think you did,' answered Nat curtly. Vagabond, swindler, robber-rascal as he was, the man was not quite so heartless as the plausible reptile with whom he talked. He was bad, lost, a reprobate, perhaps with more upon his conscience, more ghosts to haunt his bed at night, than had respectable Mr Henry Crawley the Confidential Clerk. But he was not such a whitened sepulchre, nor was he all bad. He could remember good deeds done, here and there—an enemy spared, a rescued child, a widow's desolate hearth made warm, some deeds of mercy, some bits of generosity, when Nathaniel Lee had dollars in his pocket, and prospered much.

When had Henry Crawley done a pennyworth of good to the world, beyond the exercise of his admirable skill at accounts? His name was down on many printed subscription lists for charities—'Mr H. Crawley, two guineas'; but these gifts were advertisements of the respectability of the man. Compare the two together, by the all-searching light of perfect truth, and Nat Lee would have appeared as an angel, in comparison with the decorous scoundrel by his side.

'Do get away. He may drop in; and rely upon it, smart Fitzgerald will seem just the same to him as Nat Lee. He has the eye, I tell you, of an eagle,' exclaimed Mr Crawley, as he lifted a corner of the blind and peeped out. Bertram was not to be seen.

'All right; I'm ready. Call in at the *Railway Hotel* any time to-morrow,' was the sullen answer; and the adventurer half slunk, half swaggered away.

Five minutes after the sallow face, and sable moustache, and glittering watch-chain of Mr Nathaniel Lee—or Fitzgerald—had vanished from the Yard, Bertram Oakley came in, a bundle of papers in his hand. 'Mr Weston wished, Mr Crawley, that you would enter in the books these orders for materials—elm, oak, and iron plate. Here is the docket. The names and addresses of the dealers are here.—Ah, there is the bell!' For, just then, the iron clangour of the call to leave off work resounded, and the Yard was full, as by magic, of swarms of wrights, smiths, navvies, each with his empty tin and handkerchief that had contained his dinner bundle, bustling his way homewards. Bertram, too, left the Yard, last of the departing swarm, passing on through the wide High Street towards the Bar and Portland Place, to pay his almost daily visit to his kind friends the Westons.

VEVAY IN SUMMER-TIME.

UPON a certain morning last August, after much thunder, many vivid and magnificent displays of lightning, and rains such as occur only in Switzerland, I wended my way through the somewhat narrow but very clean streets of Vevay, to the railway station—a walk of about ten minutes from my hotel, *The Château*. This house, *L'ancien Château*, is worth a word here. It is a large, massively constructed building, with an immense high-tiled roof, overhanging the walls four or five feet. Early in the last century, it was the residence of the Bernese governor, the Bailli of Bern, one of those Baillis who with a posse of soldiers marched

off the public-spirited Bonivard to the prison of Chillon, the incident of whose imprisonment has since been made familiar through Byron's *Prisoner of Chillon*. The *Château* is in the principal street, the Rue d'Italie. Its entrance-hall is so large that a carriage might be driven into it. This hall has a vaulted ceiling, and runs through to a fine shady garden, with a raised terrace, overlooking the lake, and sheltered from the sun by some fine old plantain trees. At each side of the hall are various small chambers with vaulted ceilings, that may have been used in old times for offices or guard-rooms. A wide stone staircase conducts to the first floor; on this and the floor above, a corridor extends from front to back large enough to give a ball for a hundred people. Right and left, along a transverse corridor, are handsome rooms, some of them enormously large. The salons are very unique, the floors being of beautiful and highly polished marqueterie, and the walls and ceilings handsomely panelled with native walnut.

Charlotte de Lengefeld, who afterwards became the wife of Schiller, lived in the *Château* in the years 1783 and 1784 with the family of the Bailly Lentulus. She had an extraordinary love for Switzerland, and talked of its beauties even on her deathbed. Schiller, who never visited Switzerland, was, by her graphic and enthusiastic descriptions, induced and enabled to write his *William Tell*.

After my ten minutes' walk, a ten minutes' ride by rail lands me at St Saphorin, close on Lake Leman. How beautiful the morning is! All Nature rejoices in the genial sunshine. I think myself a very lizard in my enjoyment of the sun, as I look at these lively little reptiles careering about the walls. There are also lovely butterflies—sulphurs, clouded yellows, tortoiseshells, painted ladies, fritillaries, whites, browns, and now and then a beautiful stranger—flitting about the path, and sipping in crowds at the moisture left in the ruts by last night's rain. A delicious odour—so Swiss-like—from the vines, the wild-flowers, the trees, and the hay, fills the air. Everything conspires to lift up the heart with a joyful ecstasy.

The station where I step out of the train is quite on the margin of the lake. A hundred yards off, boldly placed on a rock overhanging the water, is an old, partially castellated *château*—a picturesque irregular group of buildings. A quarter of a mile farther on, lies grouped on the side of the hill, with singular picturesqueness of form and colour, the village of St Saphorin. A main street runs through it; and various narrow sinuous alleys diverge in different directions, full of the quaintest bits—overhanging roofs, balconies, outside staircases, dark arches into underground caves, with here and there a bit of old traceried window, or an arch thrown across, connecting house to house. Here I set my easel, and finish a sketch begun a day or two before; the villagers who cluster round taking great delight therein, as they recognise old Madame So-and-so shelling beans on the doorstep, with her neighbours sitting and standing about gossiping with her; and *là voilà*, Madame Somebody-else washing her salad at the public fountain for dinner. These Swiss *villagers*, from the youngest to the oldest, are always very courteous, pleasant, and intelli-

gent, and generally become quite friendly when a visit is frequently repeated to the same spot.

Packing up, away we go back along the same road, then diverge up the hillside to the village of Rivaz, sufficiently high to give a commanding view over the country and lake. The village consists of a considerable cluster of houses, lofty, rugged, and massive enough for castles, with deeply recessed windows, cavernous doorways and yawning archways to the caves beneath, where, as is the custom in these Swiss villages, the cows are kept. Wine and milk and honey are the trio of good things most bountifully produced on the banks of Lake Leman.

Onward and upward I walk until I pass the last house, refreshed by the shelter from the hot sun which the tall edifices have afforded. There I terminate my walk, resting in the shade, on the wall by the roadside. As I sit there, an involuntary exclamation escapes from me: 'What a perfect heaven of beauty and delight!' Above, is the serenest and bluest of skies, the glorious sun pouring down without obstruction its life-giving light and heat; the latter tempered by a delightful breeze, which always blows from the lake to the land in the daytime. Round the far distance extends a panorama of mountains, in tender pearly grays, soft blues, and violets, some of the higher masses draped with snow, looking mellow and golden in the sunny haze. To the right are the mountains of Savoy; then the Valais, with the splendid mass of the Dent du Midi guarding the valley of the Rhone. Continuing on are the Grande Colombière, the Dent de Mörles, the Grand Moveron, and the top of the Diablerets peeping over the mountains behind Villeneuve; also Chillon and Montreux, near the far end of the lake.

The beautiful expanse of water occupying the middle distance, whose shores have oftentimes been tinged with blood, now lies shimmering in the sun like a huge valley filled with liquid opal. As the breeze plays over the surface, like a sportive and lightsome fancy, it is changeably mottled with silvery gray, tender blues, and brilliant emerald green. The lovely expanse is flecked here and there, near and far, with the graceful sails of bark and boat. How unspeakably lovely and beautiful, how calm and peaceful the whole scene, strengthening the tired brain, and cheering exhausted nature! The hillside, covered with vines, slopes up from the water; and there, amongst the vineyards, is a little 'God's-acre,' with its weeping willows, cypresses, and monuments—fit reminder of the past and the future. In the immediate foreground is a vineyard, with men, women, and children working therein with careless content and laughter. The land looks bare and stony; but it appears to repay with luxuriant abundance the care of its people. In the vineyards grow quantities of Indian corn, giving graceful waving lines amongst the vine-leaves; also groups of kidney-beans clustering up long sticks, flushed with scarlet blossoms. Wherever anything will grow, something is planted. What an allegory of some life experiences there is in bread and wine! Wheat is sown in soil suitably prepared, and with very little further care the abundant harvest is reaped. The vine, from before the bud appears on the stock, to the gathering of the vintage, requires and receives attention

and care. In the one case, nothing but good results from maturity; in the latter, with some good, there results not a little of evil.

The increasing power of the sun reminds me that mid-day is at hand. By-and-by, the tolling of the village church bell, with a fine old sonorous sound, speedily followed by the bells of the numerous villages about, certifies that mid-day has arrived, and that it is time to hark back to Vevay. Turning regretfully from so fair a prospect, I descend the hill to the level road, along which I take my way; the lake on the right hand, the vine-clothed mountain-slopes on the left, with the peasantry dotted about, pruning amongst the rows of shrubs—fine stalwart men in white linen trousers and shirt only; and the women all wearing the decent broad low-crowned straw hat, as a shelter from the sun. It is when the people are at their daily work that one sees what is so becoming to themselves, and at the same time satisfactory to artistic instincts—namely, a costume appearing like a part of the nature of the wearer, betraying no awkwardness, but as suitable and ornamental to the spot as the moss and lichen which decorate the old stone wall. In the fields of my own part of Lancashire, between the Ribble and the Mersey, there is the handsome, sturdy, brawny armed young woman, with dark-blue linsey skirt, with pink, blue, or buff shortgown, rolled up to the elbows, and sun-bonnet, with its broad flaps flying back in the wind. She is a picture. Here you have the universal broad straw hat, the dress open at the neck for coolness, the younger women often adorned with clean white frilling round the neck.

Sauntering along the very hot road, I arrive at a small wayside *cabaret*, the sign upon which informs the public that wine is sold here, and that ‘if you enter you shall taste it.’ I sit down in the shade and order a taste—a small *carafe*, a fifth part of a litre, for which I am charged two-pence. The wine has a slight and pleasant acidity, like a scarcely ripened grape. I ask the serving damsel if the wine she vends is grown about there. ‘Oui, Mousieur; it is grown on the hillside opposite.’ I find it cool and refreshing. Then, on I go, amidst sights and sounds and odours giving pleasure to every sense, renovating the fibres of body and mind, in the loveliest weather imaginable, until I arrive at Vevay, rather overcome with the heat in the latter part of my walk.

Resting in my chamber until the middle of the afternoon, I suddenly find the sunshine has vanished; a great gloom has come on. Presently there are noises and commotion; clouds of dust are careering in the air, window-shutters in all directions are crashing and smashing. I think I will go out and see the lake, which will be rough in this wind. On the way, I meet my daughter, rushing into the house with extended hands and fingers, and eyes wide open with fear and excitement, to tell me a boat is upset, and two people are drowning. I run out on to the quay in front of our garden terrace. What a change! The water is green with its anger and fury, the spray flying from the crests of the rushing waves, great masses of water tumbling against the sea-wall, and dashing over the roads. The wind rushes with hurricane violence; great masses of black clouds roll about and obscure the opposite mountains, amongst which the lightning flashes and the

thunder roars. The fine Vevay lifeboat, manned by nine men, is breasting the storm on the way to where the wreck is supposed to be. In the distance we presently see the Vevey lifeboat on the way; and several other of the larger boats start off at great peril to their crews. Many of the pleasure-boats anchored along the quay-side, have sunk at their moorings—that is, they float water-logged, every wave washing over them.

The esplanade, which is six or seven hundred yards long, is lined with people in great excitement. Some say there were two men in the boat; others, that there were a gentleman, lady, and child. Many tears are shed in excited pity. Towards evening we get at the truth. The steamer *Simplon* arrives, having made its voyage from Ouchy around the other side of the lake. Shortly after leaving Evian, they espied something unusual on the water. Bearing down towards it, they found a boat, bottom upwards, with four men on the keel. They were hauled on board, restoratives given to them, and shortly after landed at their village, Meillerie. As the steamer approached, the shore and pier were covered with people. The population of the village had turned out, and kissed and hugged the men with joy at their escape from a watery grave. Not very long ago, four crews of fishermen, of four men each, were proceeding down to the lake from one of the water-side villages. The weather looked threatening; and first one and then another advised them not to put off. They replied: ‘If we don’t fish, our families must fast.’ However, one crew turned back. The storm came; and of the twelve men remaining, eleven never returned. The three boats were swamped, and only one of the men was saved. He was found in the middle of the night insensible on some stones at the edge of the water.

And so this summer day of striking light and shade on the banks of the Lake of Geneva, is ended.

OUR PETS.

IN THREE PARTS.—PART I.

FAR away in our northern home in the Shetlands, we were always taught to regard the lower animals with tender respect and kindly sympathy—I had almost said with reverence. We were taught and we learned to love them, and to make friends and companions of them. The head of our house was passionately fond of them, and to watch and study their habits and idiosyncrasies was his delight, and became ours also. Many an animated discussion and argument we had about their faculties, and it was accepted as a general principle amongst us, and stoutly maintained, that their intellectual and moral powers differed from man’s not essentially, but only in degree. We held that man had no right or title to claim a monopoly of reason which manifestly he did not possess; and so we repudiated the common practice of slumping under the convenient term *instinct*, those faculties in the lower animals which are called intellect or reason in man. As no real difference could be shown or proved, we argued it was most inaccurate and illogical to make or assume such a difference by giving a distinctive name to one and the same thing. If they can be shown—as we held they

could—to be endowed with reasoning powers, why not call them reasoning powers? Why say it is all instinct? Every trait, every incident which might be observed, bearing upon our favourite theory, was noted and commented upon. Examples of more than ordinary sagacity, reflection, or foresight, were eagerly rehearsed as affording unmistakable proofs of reason.

Shetland is a locality exceptionally favourable to the keeping of pets. There is ample scope. Neighbours impose no restrictions on the ground of nuisance, for they are almost always the reverse of near neighbours. Pets, especially of the feathered tribe—of which there is a vast variety in the islands—are obtainable generally at no cost whatever. Provisions in abundance are, for the most part, easily procured, and cheap withal, as one has only to call in the aid of rod or fishing-line or fowling-piece to stock the pet's larder on the shortest notice. The winter climate is remarkably mild; and lastly, there is a plentiful supply of water, salt and fresh. Add to these natural advantages of the locality that in our case, far from any limitation being put to the number and variety of our pets, we were not only permitted to keep as many as we chose, but were always encouraged in every possible way. The small inclosures about our house, the paddocks, and the garden, were always at our command. Corners of the out-houses were sometimes allowed to be appropriated, and any quantity of stones and turf was at hand and available. We did the building and tendance ourselves, and many a comfortable little dormitory we built for our pets. The thing most difficult to procure was wood; for no timber grows in the islands, and in the days I am speaking of, when I was a boy and our pocket-money scanty in the extreme, we were often put to our shifts for wood, which was very expensive. But we were always on the look-out for pieces of driftwood, and not unfrequently were fortunate enough to pick up after a gale in one or other of the numerous little creeks—vernacularly *gyos*—around the coast, a plank or piece of broken spar washed off the deck of some passing vessel, and that was always regarded as a great prize. Many a time did we scramble down steep and slippery precipices of one or two hundred feet to secure such a prize, and never did we pass the *gyo* without a look for something of the kind. If our eye fell on the smallest scrap of wood a few feet long, and no thicker than a man's arm, tossing about in the broken water, down we clambered, with a few yards of fishing-line always carried on the chance of such opportunities. A stone was tied to the end of this line, and standing on some slippery rock with the sea surging around us, cast after cast was made over the miserable, bruised and splintered, perhaps worm-eaten waif, till it was brought within reach of our hands, and secured.

I well remember two of us making a grand find in this way. It was a fine fresh spar, which after much dexterous manoeuvring, we landed safely in the *gyo*. The next thing was to get it up the precipice of two hundred feet. The plan we adopted was this. We doubled the line for strength, and tied it round one end of the spar. My companion—a servant boy about my own age—climbed up with the slack of the line as far as it would reach. Having secured a good footing, he hauled

up the spar till it reached his hand, and then held it firm and steadied it, while I made my way up to its lower end, which having supported in some convenient niche or projection of rock, Magnie proceeded upwards to another vantage point, and hauled up as before. And so we crept upwards bit by bit. When not far from the top, a sudden exclamation of warning from Magnie made me glance quickly upwards. Right above me I saw the spar slipping through the loop. I had barely time to swerve a little to one side when down went our prize with a crash amongst the rocks far below. It was an exceedingly narrow escape, for if it had struck me—and it passed me within a few inches—I must have been carried down with it to certain destruction. I was a boy then, and never thought of that, but only felt disappointed at so much labour being lost. Nothing daunted, we followed the spar; and our second essay was more successful. That spar was converted into couples for the roof of a splendid house for several of our pets. This is how, often at the risk of our lives, we were wont to get wood. In lieu of slates, we always used turf, which we thatched with straw.

In giving a short account of our principal pets, domestic and domesticated, I should begin with by far the noblest of all the lower animals, and discourse of our dogs. But as space would fail me if I should attempt to enter upon so wide and interesting a field, I shall merely say, that there were generally two or three dogs of different breeds in the house—Newfoundland, retriever, Scotch terrier, or collie, as might happen. I have always given the preference to the last-named variety, perhaps because, at a very early age, I became the proud master of one. He was the constant companion and friend of my boyhood and later years, the most faithful, affectionate, and intelligent of his species I ever knew. With the utmost ease I taught him every useful and ornamental accomplishment. He understood and obeyed my slightest wish or command. As a sporting dog, he was invaluable; while he lived and retained his vigour, I never needed another—pointing, hunting otters, coursing rabbits, retrieving on land or water, according to the exigencies of the occasion. Anything and everything of the sort he took to with a promptness and accuracy of appreciation that never failed. His sagacity saved my life once when in utmost peril, as your readers who have read the Story of Rolf, already know. Dear old fellow! little wonder his memory is green, associated as it is with my happy long ago. We never chained our canine pets, that being regarded as a barbarous and cruel practice.

We always had an unlimited number of cats amongst our pets, each member of the family—by no means a small one—being the master or mistress, as the case might be, of at least one. I could say many things about cats, and plead in their behalf many powerful arguments for more generous and kindly treatment than they often receive, but I forbear. The generic term always applied to cats in our circle was Mirza, which had originated in an observation of one of our family, that like the hero of Addison's imitable 'Vision,' they seemed to be continually falling into 'a profound contemplation on the vanities of human—or shall we say feline?—life.' From that day forward, cats were always spoken of as Mirzas.

Once we had an otter amongst our pets; a funny, active, energetic, little fellow he was. The dogs and he were excellent friends, and it was exceedingly interesting and entertaining to watch them at their sham battles-royal, which took place almost every day. Worrying at each other's throat, locked in each other's embrace, and with no small pretence of seriousness, as evidenced by the fierce din and terrible exhibition of teeth, they rolled over and over on the lawn, till one of the combatants would lose his temper, and perhaps snap rather viciously; then they would slowly and decorously separate, apparently thinking they had had enough of the rough sport, and it would be prudent not to prolong it. Once our pet otter gave us a great fright. All the members of the household had retired to their rooms and were preparing for bed, when we were startled by a series of the wildest shrieks proceeding from the servant-girl's bedroom. In the full persuasion of finding the house on fire at the very least, we all rushed frantically to the scene of alarm, where we soon discovered the cause of the hubbub. One of the girls, never very remarkable for strength of nerve, had jumped into bed, gathered the blankets about her, and shoved down her feet, which came into violent and unexpected contact with something which clearly had no legitimate business there. That something was our pet otter. His comfortable slumbers thus unceremoniously disturbed, he had, naturally enough, seized with what was very much the reverse of gentleness, the big toe of the offending foot, and certainly left his mark there. It was not to be wondered at that the poor girl got a great fright, although I am happy to say it was not followed by such disastrous results as she anticipated when she protested hysterically that she would never get over it—never! The intruder was of course relegated to his own proper dormitory amid peals of unrestrainable laughter.

Twice we had a tame seal. What fellows they were to eat! A few hundred sillocks—young of the saithe or coal-fish—barely served them for a meal; but after a short time, when they became quite tame, they fished for themselves in the sea, always returning to their comfortable quarters in one of the outhouses. The fate of one was tragic. On one of his hunting expeditions he had apparently roamed beyond the limits of his usual haunts, and lost his way in a snow-storm. Landing several miles from home, he was making for the nearest fisherman's hut, when he was met by some thoughtless lads, who knocked him on the head, converted his blubber into oil, and his skin into *Rivilins*—the vernacular for a kind of moccasin made of untanned hide. When taxed with the murder of our pet, the rascals pretended they thought it was a wild selkie driven on shore by stress of weather. The other seal, after thriving splendidly, and growing fast and fat, suddenly refused food, got dull, would scarcely stay a minute in the sea which had formerly been his delight, and after pining away for three weeks, died. A post-mortem examination discovered a considerable quantity of gravel in his stomach, which there could be no doubt had been the cause of death. He had swallowed it with his food, which had been thoughtlessly thrown on the floor of his house. We were very sorry when we lost

our pet seals, for they were intelligent, gentle, and affectionate creatures, and albeit their movements on land were ungainly, it was delightful and refreshing to see them disporting themselves in their native element. And their eyes! such eyes! they were simply the loveliest I ever saw in any creature—large, dark, liquid, and lustrous, with a wistful, pleading, melancholy expression that went far to justify the local legend which represents them as a certain class of fallen spirits in metempsychosis, enduring a mitigated punishment for their sins. The seal has a way of looking right into your eyes, as though asking for sympathy and kind treatment. It makes one feel pitiful towards them, and I wonder exceedingly how the sailors who make 'seal-fishing' in the polar regions their trade, can have the heart to knock them on the head with a bludgeon.

But our principal pets were of the feathered tribe, and I pass on to say something of them. I should have mentioned that we gave names to all our pets, beasts and birds. Our patriotism, and consequent partiality for everything Norsk, led us to prefer those of Scandinavian mythology or history—Odin, Thor, Baldur, Sigmund, Harald, Rolf, Ronald, Ingeborg, Dagmar, and the like. The great Wizard's charming romance made Pirate and Norma and Minna and Brenda great favourites; other names were suggested by some peculiarity of appearance or trait of character in our pets, or some circumstance connected with their capture or early life. Thus two ducks that always selected for their nest a spot amongst some long grass on the bank of a little stream, and year after year, in the most friendly and sisterly manner, incubated side by side, were dubbed Bessie Bell and Mary Gray. A splendid gamecock of impetuous valour and unconquerable prowess, received the distinguished name of Cœurdé-lion. A burly pigeon remarkable for the inconstancy of his attachments and the number of his wives, was Henry VIII., and his mates were of course namesakes of that monarch's consorts. A gull recovering from the gunshot wound which made him a prisoner, but deprived him of an eye and a pinion, was Nelson. A raven—simply, I suppose, because he was black—was Othello. And so on. Thus we were never at a loss for names. The individuality which close observation soon discovers in animals even of the same species is truly wonderful; the variety is just as great as in the genus *homo*. It was a common practice with us, therefore, to change the original name into a characteristic one.

Of fowls, ducks, geese, pigeons, we had a goodly number; but in making pets of these, there was one considerable drawback. It was against the rules to transfer any of them to the larder, despite the old cook's loud, and I am afraid sometimes contemptuous protestations against the sentimentality which refused to permit Bessie Bell or Mary Gray, or Cœurdé-lion, or the Templar, or Henry VIII., or any of their families, to be converted into roast duck, even when the peas were temptingly green, or boiled fowl or pigeon-pie, when not a scrap of fresh butchermeat was to be had for love or money—a thing by no means of unfrequent occurrence in our island in those days. How could one sign the death-warrant of the affectionate and confiding creatures that flew to you whenever you appeared for the

crust of bread or oatmeal cake with which your pocket was always well supplied, and whose characters and dispositions you had been making an interesting study? To dine or sup off one of our pets was not to be thought of. We could not have done it; and happily our father would listen to no appeals in that direction. He peremptorily refused his permission, and no one dared to attempt surreptitious slaughter. The only thing allowed was an occasional exchange with a neighbour, and even that was only in the case of young birds—chickens, ducks, or geese.

Multiplying of the stock was certainly not encouraged, rather discouraged indeed; but the adults were allowed to live and roam about in peace, and to die of old age or by accident as chance might befall.

It will be understood from this that our poultry-yard birds—which, though I give them that name, were never confined to any such limits as a poultry-yard—were the reverse of profitable. Eggs we had certainly in tolerable abundance; but that was about all. Owing to the predatory practices of raven and hooded crow, the only kind of fowls we were able to keep was the game variety, and these were always safe. If chanticleer was at hand, these rapacious and wily robbers did not dare to attack one of his wives or progeny. They perfectly understood the clear note of defiance which challenged them to the combat. Even the hens in the absence of their natural protector never failed to give battle when attacked. Once a venturesome raven pounced upon some chickens, but was fiercely met by the mother-bird. Her lord and master, the redoubtless Coeur-de-lion, not far off, hearing the scuffle, flew to the rescue, and instantly closed in mortal combat with the audacious assailant. The battle was furious, but brief and decisive. The raven was hurled senseless, with outspread wings, into a ditch close by; and the cock's 'shrill clarion' proclaimed him victor. Our father, who witnessed this rencontre, ran out; and not till within a few feet of the raven, did the latter gather himself together and make off.

HORSE-BREAKING IN THE BUSH.

FROM AN AUSTRALIAN CORRESPONDENT.

'RUNNING-IN' a 'mob' of some sixty or seventy head of horses is a thrilling and exciting scene, especially as they have, perhaps, hardly seen a human being for months, and have been running wild in the Australian Bush. They have thus become somewhat frisky, and are quite able and willing to lead one a good chase, if they are disturbed and pursued. Of course, the greater number of these are horses that have been broken-in, and know the way to the stockyard; but naturally, they have no wish to proceed thither, if they can avoid it. On the other hand, there are also a good many foals and yearlings, two-year, and even perhaps a few three-year old colts and fillies that have not yet experienced the sorrows of being under the yoke of and subject to man.

Riding out leisurely in the morning through the Bush, the stockman takes the direction of the 'run' usually frequented by the 'mob' which

he wishes to find, keeping a sharp look-out for either the horses or their tracks. He is not encumbered with many superfluous articles of dress, his rig-out consisting simply of a cotton or woollen shirt, with white moleskin pants, incased below the knee in brown leathern leggings; a broad-rimmed white felt hat on his head, a pair of spurs on his heels, and a white handkerchief, folded in the form of a scarf, and tied loosely round his neck, complete his rig-out. He also carries in his hand the omnipresent stockwhip, without which the stockman rarely ever goes forth; and bestriding a lively active horse, which steps briskly along at a smart walk or amble, and upon the slightest irritation from the spur, breaks at once into an easy canter, which does not weary the rider whose business may possibly keep him in the saddle from shortly after sunrise until sundown.

Proceeding along in this manner, he pays little attention to the beauties of nature in the glory and splendour of an Australian summer morning, with the sun shining in all the brightness of a cloudless sky, and warming the clear dry atmosphere of the shady forest; now riding up a sandy ridge, covered, it may be, with pines of every size, from the youngest shoot, rising only a foot or two above the ground, up to the towering tree which rears its head from a hundred to a hundred and fifty feet in height, vieing in lofty grandeur with the tall, rough, trunked iron-bark with which they intermingle. Among these are also dispersed knots of wattle-bushes in all the brightness and luxuriance of their yellow blossoms; and here and there a group of slender myrtle-trees clustering closely together, and a chance stray iron-wood for variety.

He now passes on through strip of bendeen scrub—smaller trees, but much more numerous, each giving out innumerable branches, which approach those of the neighbouring trees so closely, that the rider requires to duck and dodge, in order to prevent his being caught by them and pulled from his horse. As he proceeds, he disturbs numbers of beautifully plumed doves, and gorgeously arrayed parrots, that scream as they fly swiftly past. The hoarse screech of the cockatoos is heard as they flap slowly along above the tallest trees in groups of three or four, or the harsh and grating demoniacal laugh of that curious bird the laughing-jackass, as it keeps a sharp watch for snakes.

The stockwhip, without which no stockman's accoutrement is complete, consists of a thong made of plaited green hide (bullock's) from ten to fifteen feet long, to the lower end of which is attached a plain strip of hide about eighteen inches in length by a quarter of an inch in breadth, called the 'fall.' To this is fastened the lash or cracker, usually made of silk or twisted horse-hair, the latter being the commoner, as it is more easily procured in the Bush. This extensive thong is attached to a handle made of hard, heavy wood—such as that taken from the heart of the bendeen, or the myal tree—which is thick at one end, but tapering at the other, and not more than a foot and a half long. However, when the stockwhip is skilfully handled on horseback, whence, of course, it is only intended to be used, and 'dropped' upon a bullock's back, it is a truly formidable weapon; and when it is cracked

in the air, it gives a report almost like that of a gun. Some, indeed, are so expert with it as to be able from horseback to kill a snake, or even so small an object as a fly creeping upon the wall.

After our stockman has ridden for some four or five miles in this manner, the forest opens out into a small treeless plain, inclosed on every side by the smooth gray trunks and dark-green leafy boughs of the rather plentiful box. Here he comes upon fresh horse-tracks, and by following them, soon finds the 'mob' he is in search of. He then rides leisurely round, collecting the horses together, and turning them in the homeward direction, flourishes his whip high in the air, and lets it fall with its usual loud report.* Away go the mob at a canter, while he directs them towards the station. Now they whirl across the plain with mane and tail streaming in the wind; and entering the forest of towering box, they rush swiftly up the ridge, and soon reach the bendee scrub, through which they dash at headlong speed. The rider, never drawing rein, follows at the same speed, but alters his position in the saddle; for now he stands in the stirrups, with his body bent somewhat forwards, in order to better escape the overhanging boughs; and holding the bridle with his left hand, he takes a handful of the mane in his right, that he may be able to change his position the more readily. This he is now constantly doing; at one moment bending close down along the horse's neck, to pass under a bough which is perhaps not more than eighteen inches above the horse's back; now leaning out of the saddle to one side, now to the other, to escape the trunk of a tree, round which the horse springs without any apparent guidance on the rider's part, who seems every moment just about to be dashed up against one, yet always escaping. Now he is down again on the horse's neck, dodging a bough; and before he has time to raise himself, his well-trained steed bounds over one of the logs, with which the ground is pretty well strewn. Thus he continues with all his faculties on the alert, until horse and rider dash out once more into the open forest, now composed of tall magnificent iron-barks, which stretch far up towards the blue sky. And here our stockman is able once more to resume his seat.

You may well imagine that these vicissitudes require that the rider should have a quick eye, steady nerves, and a firm seat in the saddle, with a horse also that has been accustomed to the work of going through the scrub at a canter, or even at a gallop.

But now the horses, instead of going straight on, as the driver wishes them to do, have turned off to the left along the edge of the scrub, no doubt intending to move round again in the direction of their 'run,' thinking they have come far enough in this course. But quick as thought, the rider leans forward, and touching his horse with the spur, away it springs like an arrow, and stretches at a gallop along the flank of the mob between this and the scrub; whereupon the stockman, cracking his whip loudly, soon heads them off amongst the pines and iron-barks, and drives down the ridge, towards the station. When the stockyard is reached, the horses trot slowly round it until the leaders are almost opposite the 'slip-panels,' which being removed, leaves the open

gate. Now again the rider spurs his horse, which bounds forward like the wind; and in a few moments he has headed the leaders in through the opening, the remainder following hurriedly. After the last has passed the gate, the rider quickly dismounts, and putting up the 'slip-rails' again in their place, the 'running-in' is complete.

The horse-breaker having now unsaddled and 'hobbled out' his horse on the bank of the creek, where it will be able to refresh itself after its run, with some food and drink, proceeds to draft the colt which is to be broken-in, from among the other horses, into one of the several smaller compartments which enter into the formation of the stockyard, these being shut off from one another by means of the slip-panels, which may be taken down at will. The colt being secured alone in a yard of some forty or fifty feet square, is caught by means of a head-rope made of plaited hide with a noose at one end. This noose, supported on the end of a long slender pole, is slipped over the head of the frightened animal, and immediately pulled tight upon its neck by one or two assistants, who are stationed outside the yard, as one man could scarcely cope successfully with the bewildered colt in its mad plungings. The only effect, however, of its fruitless endeavours is to tighten the noose more securely on its neck, rendering its respiration laboured and gasping, and thus quickly exhausting its strength. At length when, finding escape hopeless, its struggles become fainter and its resistance less determined, the head-rope is slackened, allowing it to regain its breath. The horse-breaker still having hold of the rope, and remaining at a respectful distance from the always easily alarmed and irritated yet somewhat quieted horse, now rubs its body and legs with the pole, used previously in roping it, till it becomes more accustomed to, and less afraid of being touched. After this, discarding the pole, he approaches it quietly, and patting it gently, talks to it in a soothing manner; then being handed a halter slyly from behind, so as not to disturb the nerves of the young horse, he slips it gently upon its head; and then hobbles its fore-feet together.

Now comes, perhaps, the most difficult and dangerous part of the proceedings—namely, the 'side-lining' which consists in fettering the near fore and hind legs together. He is, however, enabled to do this more easily by using a leg-rope, which, being fastened on the hind-leg, gives him much more command over the limb. Then drawing the latter forwards, yet not without considerable resistance on the horse's part, by cautious and careful management, though running the risk of receiving a severe kick, he succeeds in buckling one of the 'side-line' straps on this ankle; after which it is comparatively easy to fasten the other upon the fore-limb. The animal now being hobbled and side-lined, the breaking-in-bit, attached to a bridle, is put into its mouth, a girth round its body, and as the motions of its legs are now in a great measure rendered harmless, the crupper can be put on without much danger. When these are all fastened, the head-rope is taken off, and the colt left to its own reflections for the night.

Next morning, a pack-saddle is secured upon its back, and the hobbles and side-line being removed, it is led for a while through the yard. Then the

horse-breaker mounting his steed, rides forth into the Bush, leading the colt alongside, accompanied by another horseman, who assists him by driving on the young horse when it shows any unwillingness to proceed; and who may also render aid should it attempt to break away, or if it run foul of a tree, which last may readily happen, on account of the closeness of the timber. In this manner it is led for a few hours, when the pack-saddle is removed, and again having recourse to the hobbles and side-line, the animal is left to feed. About sunset, it is again inclosed in the yard for the night with the pack-saddle on its back. Next morning, this is changed for the riding-saddle. Then the colt is mounted, and ridden within the stockyard for a short time. This is done partly to prevent the colt 'bucking,' as it will not feel so much its own master while it remains shut in on every side by the high wooden rails of the stockyard, as it would be likely to if out in the wide Bush, with no restraint on its movements; and partly in order that the horse may be unable to get away from, and be the more readily caught again by the rider, should it succeed in throwing him. It is then ridden outside until pretty well tired and quieted, when it is again 'hobbled out,' with a bell hung to its neck, so that its whereabouts may be easily known next day, as it is permitted to spend this night on the grass. The colt may now be considered broken-in. It is not, however, allowed to rejoin its mob at present, but is worked very frequently until quite subdued.

Some horses yield to their fate calmly enough; others refuse to be ridden, and carry on a fierce and vehement struggle in the form of buck-jumping. This may perhaps require a word of explanation. It consists in the horse putting his head between his fore-legs, gathering all his feet closely together, and elevating his back into a hump, so as to form as insecure a seat as possible for the rider, then making 'pig-jumps' in every direction forwards and backwards, to the right side and to the left, and sometimes round in a complete circle—the latter being the most difficult to sit—in its efforts to throw the horseman. All this, however, generally proves fruitless, unless the girth gives way, when, of course, saddle and all will be disengaged; but this does not often happen. Occasionally, when the horse finds all its bucking useless, it lies down and rolls on the ground, when the rider steps lightly from its back. But they rarely carry their resistance so far, though buck-jumpers commonly renew their pranks, when quite fresh after a few months' spell.

It is now, of course, only fit for a saddle-horse; but as riding is the general mode of travelling, the greater number are seldom, and some of them never in harness. Should it, however, be desired for a draught or 'buggy horse,' it undergoes its second breaking at any subsequent period when its services may be required. This training is as speedily got over as the former, and is done, for example, by taking a five-horse team, one of them being in the drag-shafts, and the remaining four in pairs in front of it. What I may now call the 'saddle-horse' is placed second on the off-side, where it can do little harm, being in the company of quiet animals. When it has become thoroughly used to this position, it may, if desirable, be changed to the near-side, or to that of

off-side leader. There are, however, two situations from which the now comparatively new draught-horse is excluded, these being the near-side leadership and the shafts. These can only be properly filled by two tractable and experienced animals, which not only know their own name, but also understand the 'language' of the driver. For upon a leader not only depends the movements of his colleague, but those of all the intervening horses between him and the shafts, and to some extent the direction of the drag; and upon the shaft-horse—in some of the larger carriers' drays drawn by a dozen horses, there are two pair of shafts, but the animal on the near-side is always the important one—devolves the duty of steering the dray clear of the close-growing trees. As no reins are used, the horses are guided by the voice, occasionally assisted by slight touches on each side of their neck, according to the direction sought, from a light whip carried by the driver, who either walks or rides beside them as he pleases. It is an interesting sight to see six pair of horses winding their way among the trees, inclining to this side or that at the driver's word.

The training of a horse to form one of a team or to run in a spring-cart does not seem to be regarded as at all forming a part of the breaking of a colt, but is, in fact, quite a secondary consideration. And naturally it is so; for, as we have already said, riding being the almost universal mode of going from one place to another in the Bush, the majority of the squatters' horses are of light make, and so only suited for the saddle or buggy. But as the latter may not be in use perhaps more than two or three times in a year—and generally only for the accommodation of ladies, or when going a long journey, for luggage unsuited to a pack-horse—there is not much need of harness-horses. Then, again, the readiness with which the saddle-horse may be taught to run in the buggy team—four is the usual number—is another point against the necessity of breaking them to this at first. For example, in a journey down the country, the present writer being one of the party, a young horse was harnessed to the off-side of the buggy pole, and the leaders being started, we proceeded on as before. The new member gave some little trouble at first; but by the time it had done its ten miles—which was about the usual distance before changing—it had become somewhat used to its confinement. About thirteen spare horses were driven after the vehicle, with which those in it were changed, from thirty to forty miles being generally the distance covered in a day. Fifty miles is considered about a day's journey on horseback.

SHALL SHE BE SACRIFICED?

CHAPTER I.—OUR MYSTERIOUS NEIGHBOURS.

In the little town of Spanners, in a semi-detached villa, lived my Aunt and I. My profession was that of a Doctor, my practice being large for a young man of only twenty-five. The next house had been long unoccupied. Wooden palings divided its garden in the back and front from ours. The garden, however, was totally uncared-for. The grass, unmown for many months, was long and straggling, and overgrown with decayed

leaves, which no one ever thought of removing. Near the gate was a black board, supported on a pole, on which was painted in large staring characters, 'To be Let, Furnished or Unfurnished, or Sold. Inquire at Mr Blegg's, House Agent, 15 Corn Row.' The same information was exhibited in the cobwebbed windows. The owner had been abroad for some time, and possessed a few other houses besides this in the town. At first the rent was fifty pounds per annum. No one would give that for it. It was then lowered to forty, and lastly to thirty-five pounds. Two or three times I noticed people stopping at the gate; but the outward appearance of the villa was so unprepossessing and untidy, that no one cared to take it, and thus it remained untenanted for upwards of two years. It was an eyesore to me and to my Aunt; for our side being so neat, and our little garden so flourishing and gay, the contrast was all the more painful. One spring morning, as I was gathering some violets for our breakfast-table, to my agreeable surprise I observed a gardener clearing away the long-unswept leaves, and preparing to mow the long-neglected grass. He touched his cap on seeing me. I asked if the house was let. He replied that it was, and that the new-comers would take possession in a few days. They had purchased the old furniture for a song—so he had heard—and had taken the house by the month.

A pleasing change was soon visible in the outward appearance of the place. The windows were cleaned and made to look bright and shining. Behind them were hung new green venetians, and the door was freshly painted. The dust within the building, the accumulations of many months, must have been great. Indeed, in hyperbolic language, the charwoman engaged told our cook, who told my Aunt, who told me, that there was dust enough to bury a man. I can imagine that the statement could not have been far from the truth. I should not like to have been the unfortunate charwoman; I hope she was paid well for her trouble. About a week after, as I was in my surgery, at eleven o'clock at night, I heard a cab stop. I went to the window, and shading my face against the panes, looked out; but the darkness was too great to permit me to observe the newcomers.

The next morning, our neighbours sent their compliments, asking us to lend them a few coals, which my good Aunt gladly did. We ascertained that the fresh arrivals were a young orphan lady, and her sole servant, a housekeeper. The former's name we were told was Colebrooke. This was the only information my good Aunt could give our acquaintances when they made inquiries. Several people called and left cards; but none were admitted, and so my Aunt thought it would be useless for her to call, especially as we learned that the young lady returned no visits. This gave occasion for much speculation and gossip among the chatterboxes of Spanners, which was one of those places where every one knows every one, and everybody's affairs are canvassed and commented on by the community in general. Miss Colebrooke was a new inhabitant; no one knew her, nor anything about her; and so folks were curious, and being curious, talked. It thus happened that before I saw her, I felt a kind of interest in her. For about three weeks she never went out at all.

What a lonely life hers must be, I thought, knowing none, and known by none, except one old servant. Such a strange thing too it was, for a young girl to live thus by herself. Had she no relations? The postman never left a letter at her door. What a lot, to be left thus friendless and desolate in the wide world!

I caught my first glimpse of her from our breakfast-room window as she was walking in the back-garden one morning. I was at once struck by the elegance of her form. But her face—when I saw that, I felt drawn to her at once, it was so sweet and pure; and there was such a depth of sadness in her soft, liquid, dark-gray eyes! She could not have been more than eighteen or nineteen, as far as I could judge. When she caught my eye, she blushed vividly, and quickly turned away her face, as if not caring to be seen.

The next time I saw her was in church; but she wore a thick black veil, and it was not possible to see her features distinctly. I observed many people eyeing her inquisitively. She had taken a seat with her housekeeper, at the end of the church, amongst the free seats, and behind a pillar; so those who were rude enough to stare had to turn round. Don't think I did so. I glanced at her when I entered the church, but not again. I could perceive she was embarrassed by the curiosity of her fellow-worshippers.

Several weeks passed away, but we and our neighbours became no better acquainted. Occasionally, but that was not often, I saw her either in the garden or at the window; but she never walked out except on Sundays to church. Every morning the housekeeper went into the town to purchase the food for the day. I never noticed any tradesman call at the door; trade-money was paid for everything bought. This circumstance only increased the inquisitiveness of the Spanners. I persuaded my Aunt to call one day, but she had no better luck than others who had done so. The servant told her that her young mistress received no one. The act of courtesy was unreturned.

Some weeks after this, when my Aunt had gone to bed, and I was preparing to do the same, I heard a faint, hesitating ring at the night-bell. Thinking it might be a summons to a patient, I opened the door myself, and was surprised to see Miss Colebrooke.

'You are the Doctor, I think?' she said rather timidly.

'Yes. Can I be of any service to you?' I inquired.

'My servant has been taken very ill with bronchitis. Will you kindly come and see her?'

I said I would come immediately; and putting on my hat, followed her down the steps and into the house. The servant was indeed seriously ill; and the attack was sharp and dangerous. I prescribed the necessary remedies, and left the room, promising to return in the morning.

Miss Colebrooke followed me to the door. 'Is it very serious?' she asked anxiously.

'In such cases,' I replied, 'there is always a certain amount of danger; but I hope, with care, that she will recover.'

'I hope so too, Doctor. I don't know what I should do if anything happened to her;' and the tears rose to her beautiful eyes.

'Would it not be as well,' I said, 'that you should have a nurse to attend her? I could recommend you one.'

'Thank you; but I must nurse her myself,' she said quickly. 'But yes; I forgot,' she added after a moment, as if recollecting something. 'I must have some one to attend to the house and go to the town for me.'

'Just so. Then I will send you a servant to-morrow. Mrs Stonewell, my Aunt, can recommend her highly.'

'You are very kind, sir; but—'

I waited for her to continue. 'Yes?' I said, seeing she did not conclude her sentence.

'I was thinking,' she answered hesitatingly, 'that she cannot sleep here—she must sleep at her home.'

This struck me as strange, as there were enough rooms in the house—which was built on the same plan as ours—for visitors as well as servants. But without questioning her, I said I would request the person to sleep at her own house, and departed.

Mrs Thompson—which was the housekeeper's name—was worse the next day. Her mistress was in a state of feverish anxiety about her. When the woman I recommended came, she was told that she need not attend to the top rooms, as they were locked. While I was there, Miss Colebrooke went to one of these rooms, and I fancied I heard her say something in a low remonstrating tone. Could she be speaking to herself? I wondered. But later in the day I found the rooms above had an inhabitant, and one whom no one guessed could be there. In the afternoon, as I was passing to the hall-door, I looked up on hearing a swift movement above me. I wondered to see looking at me over the balustrade on the top landing the face of a man, beardless and whiskerless, with only a thick black moustache on his lip. He withdrew his head hastily when he saw I had noticed him. Who could he be? I resolved not to raise Miss Colebrooke's suspicions by asking questions, but during my visit that evening, she looked at me very uneasily and inquiringly as if she expected me to question her about the man, who I fancied must have told her that I had seen him. But she said nothing, nor did I.

For the next three days Mrs Thompson continued in a very critical condition. On the fourth I saw an improvement, and on telling Miss Colebrooke so, had the pleasure of seeing the first bright smile on her pretty face. 'I am so glad' she said hopefully. 'You think then she will get over it? Please, say so.'

I said so, but added that the patient must be very carefully attended, and every precaution taken to prevent her catching increased cold, which would certainly prove fatal. She asked when I thought Mrs Thompson could leave her room. I replied, that it was impossible to say.

'You are looking tired with watching,' I added. 'I hope you allow the new maid to take turns with you in watching by Mrs Thompson?'

'She does a little in the daytime.'

'But why not let her take turns in watching at night?' I pursued. 'It must, I am sure, fatigue you. Want of sleep always exhausts the human frame.'

'Oh, I am strong, Doctor. I can do it.'

'Well, take care then,' I said as I went to the

door, 'that I do not have to doctor you as well as Mrs Thompson; and then we must have a regular hospital nurse.'

'I hope not,' she returned, smiling. 'That would indeed be a misfortune.'

I told my Aunt what I had said to Miss Colebrooke, and with her never-failing kindness, she offered to help in the watching, and I gave Miss Colebrooke the message the next time I saw her. 'How very good of your Aunt,' she said gratefully. 'I feel her kindness very much the more so, as we are quite strangers; and—'

'And,' I concluded, 'I may therefore tell her that her proposal is accepted. You will know her at once, and no one knowing her could help liking her. She would be a friend to you.'

'She must be a charming person, Doctor.'

'Well, I will tell her then that she can come this evening.'

'Oh, please do not! I—' She spoke quickly, in an embarrassed tone. 'But I must watch by Mrs Thompson myself at night. Do tell Mrs Stonewell how very much obliged I am to her.'

'Then, Miss Colebrooke, if you would rather watch by night, you must let her take turns with you in the daytime. I assure you it won't put her out. It will be a pleasure to her.'

This was more favourably received. After some hesitation, she consented; and during the day, I brought my Aunt in, and introduced her. I saw they took a mutual fancy to each other, of which I was glad. My Aunt pitied the apparently friendless girl, who seemed to have no one to care for her but the sick housekeeper. She felt drawn to her as I had been, when she saw the gentle, beautiful face, and divined as I had done, that the young heart hid a sorrow the nature of which we did not know. And on her part, Miss Colebrooke—and who could help it?—was attracted by my dear Aunt's kindly smile, her sweet sympathising words, as well as by her dear loving old face, pretty still, in spite of sixty summers, and many cares and troubles which had furrowed the brow, that had once been one of the smoothest and fairest. She stayed the whole afternoon with Mrs Thompson, and gently insisted on the young girl taking rest while she did so.

D O R N B U S C H.

WHILE the art of printing is primarily beneficial to mankind, by the facility which it affords for the preservation and dissemination of those literary works that are intrinsically valuable for the philosophy and morality which they inculcate, or the knowledge which they convey; yet the art has been serviceable to the world in a hundred other ways, for which no other art is so adapted or so readily applicable. This is especially true of the present century, when the press has been utilised for the advocacy and advancement of every conceivable branch of human industry or skill. There is not a sect or society but has its organ, and scarcely a trade or profession but has its means of appeal through its own literary channels. The advantage of the printing-press as a means of gathering and spreading information, is felt by no class more than the commercial classes, chiefly those of them whose business does not depend so much upon local conditions, as upon the state of the markets throughout the country, or it may be

throughout the greater part of the civilised globe. For such, therefore, the press is invaluable; and there has never been wanting at one time or another some one with the sagacity and practical foresight to render it serviceable for the particular branch of commerce to be benefited.

One of these pioneers was George Dornbusch, the proprietor, editor, and publisher of a privately circulated newspaper, devoted exclusively to the interests of the corn and seed trade. The whole of the work connected with the publication—including the editing and printing—was carried on at South Sea House, Threadneedle Street, City; and, known as *Dornbusch's Floating Cargoes List*, was, at the time of its establishment in 1854, altogether unique, and has since continued to supply information which, to those interested, has oftentimes proved to be of an exceedingly important and valuable character. It was published twice a day: the Morning List giving particulars of arrivals, clearances, and sailings of grain-laden vessels at and from various ports; whilst the Evening Edition contained reports from all the principal markets in the United Kingdom, the continent, the United States, and Canada; together with particulars of the day's transactions in cargoes either on passage or arrival; and remarks concerning the general position and prospects of the trade. The circulation of the Morning List was confined chiefly to London merchants; but the Evening List, in addition to being delivered by hand to a large number of subscribers in London, was posted to many of the principal corn and seed factors throughout the world. The subscription was high; and Mr Dornbusch was at considerable pains to insure the private character of the circular being maintained. Every subscriber was therefore required to sign an agreement to the effect that no unauthorised person should be permitted to benefit by the information given in the *List*; and the right was reserved of cutting off the supply, in the event of such agreement being violated.

The arrangements for obtaining information were both elaborate and costly.—In addition to correspondents at the principal inland centres of the corn-trade, agents were employed at all the principal ports, whose duty it was to telegraph details of all grain-laden vessels arriving or sailing. Thus a subscriber to 'Dornbusch' was enabled to see at a glance what cargoes had been shipped; what vessels had arrived; the latest fluctuations in values; the most recent transactions; and the exact position and prospects of the trade in all parts of the world. Particulars as to sales were not always easy to obtain; and this department was attended to principally by Mr Dornbusch himself, who thus became one of the best known frequenters of Mark Lane, the 'Baltic,' in Threadneedle Street, and other business centres. Certain factors would oftentimes have an interest in the real state of the market being either suppressed, or actually misrepresented, and they would also have reasons for not wishing some particular transaction to be made public; but on these points Mr Dornbusch was inexorable; and neither entreaty nor threat could induce him to withhold from his clients that with which he considered himself in honour bound to furnish them.

The *List*, as has been said, was established in

1854; and up till 1873, Mr Dornbusch was the leading spirit of the concern, having every branch of it under his immediate superintendence. In the early part of 1873, however, he caught a violent cold, which in less than a fortnight proved fatal. But the publication of the *List* was not interfered with by his death; and it is still carried on, being conducted on the same principles as those which marked its institution.

As a man of business, Mr Dornbusch was scrupulously honourable, and thoroughly master of the difficult as well as peculiar position he had won. Seldom, indeed, was he at fault, either in his facts or his deductions; and equally seldom had his clients to regret acting upon his information or taking his advice. That it was necessary to approach as nearly as possible to absolute accuracy in issuing the *List* may be gathered from the fact, that the merely accidental substitution of a '5' for a '3'—thus making a certain cargo appear 5000 quarters instead of 3000, or vice versa—might prove to be a very serious affair, as the cargo would probably change hands upon the strength of the bulk being the exact quantity represented. Mistakes did occur, it is true, but they were few and far between; and were to that luckless wight to whose stupidity or negligence they happened to be traceable!

In his private capacity, Mr Dornbusch was a man of much eccentricity, both in habits and opinions. Among other things, he was an uncompromising vegetarian. Not merely was all manner of flesh-food an abomination to him, but milk, eggs, butter, and cheese were rigidly excluded from his table, and his bread was made from home-ground wheat, uncontaminated by either salt or yeast. As a rule, he would eat nothing between breakfast before leaving home in the morning, and dinner upon his return in the evening. When, however, some public engagement would interfere with returning at the usual hour, he would dine at the office; his dinner on such occasions consisting of an immense hunch of brown bread, followed by half-a-dozen apples, or a bunch or two of choice grapes, which, with sundry glasses of water, made up the sum-total of his repast. Dining at home, however, was altogether another affair with him. The writer once had that pleasure. We went into the dining-room, and found the table most tastefully laid; but when the covers were removed, I was more than astonished by what I saw. There were cold boiled potatoes, cold boiled cauliflower, and cold boiled rice, with tomato sauce as a relish, and the aforesaid home-baked brown bread—innocent of either salt or yeast—as an accompaniment! The old gentleman ate with amazing gusto, and plateful after plateful fell a prey to what must have been a decidedly good, if not exactly a voracious appetite. But as for me, I was 'out in the cold.' Every now and again, my host would look across the table, and—with what bore a suspicious resemblance to a mischievous smile—would say: 'Come, I am afraid you are not getting on.' And in truth I was *not* getting on. I did my best; but my depraved appetite yearned for something more congenial than cold cauliflower and tomato sauce; and I was sorely in danger of starving altogether, until a bounteous supply of luscious fruit appeared on the table, and I was invited to fall to without stint.

Mr Dornbusch's career went far to prove what is possible to a man of strong determination. The state of his health, which was never robust, must have handicapped him heavily in the struggle of city life; and yet, in spite of physical deformity and weakness, he succeeded, not only in starting, but also in prosperously maintaining an enterprise which is still intimately associated with one of the most important branches of the commerce of the world. But what is still more worthy of notice is the fact, that he was one of those men of whom England has so much reason to be proud, who, amidst all the pressure of business life, devote an amount of thought, time, and money, such as outsiders have little conception of, to the amelioration of human misery, and the improvement of our common humanity.

C O P Y R I G H T I N C H I N A .

At present, after so much has been said and done on the copyright question as regards England and America, it is interesting to learn in what light the people of the Celestial Empire view this question of literary property. While it may be said that there is no statute law of copyright in China, there is on the other hand an unwritten law that is equally effective. From a paper on this subject, read by Mr Macgowan at a meeting of the North-China Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, Shanghai, we find that on the title-page of newly published books in China, there is not infrequently a caution against their unauthorised publication; showing at once that literary property is liable to be stolen, and that redress is afforded to authors thus wronged. The Penal Code, however, will be searched in vain for an enactment on the subject of copyright. Chinese law, indeed, has never conceived it necessary to specify that particular form of robbery which consists in despoiling a scholar of the fruit of his toil, any more than to name the products of husbandmen and artisans as under the protection of law; all alike being regarded as property by natural right. Hence, those who infringe the rights of an author are liable to a punishment of one hundred blows and three years' deportation if they print and sell his works without authority; but if the trespass has gone no further than printing, no copies having been sold, the punishment inflicted is only fifty blows and forfeiture of the books and blocks. The right of exclusive publication thus protected, is not only vested in the author, but is held in perpetuity by his heirs and assigns. Equal protection is given to inventors and discoverers; the section of the Penal Code that takes cognisance of larcenies of a grave character, acting at the same time both as a copyright and a patent law. The productions of artists also come under its operation; and in all these cases, the rights of the individual in his property, whether it be literary, artistic, or mechanical, are held to be identical in principle, and are treated as equally inherent and inalienable.

This is one respect in which the Chinese are a long way ahead of us. Our copyright law is in many respects ill-defined, and its assertion frequently leads to expensive litigation; whilst an inventor, after perhaps many years' hard work and study, and often the expenditure of not a little money—or time, which to him means money

—cannot have the product of his ingenuity preserved to him unless he is able to pay out a large round sum of money to purchase the protection of our patent law, and this, after all, only for a limited number of years. It is difficult, at first sight, to understand how a country like Great Britain, which depends for so much of its prosperity on the inventive skill of its inhabitants, should yet exact from each inventor what is equivalent to a heavy money-fine before he can have the profitable use of his own invention. This is one department of the state in which there is much room for useful and rational legislation.

T H E C O N V E N T G I R L .

FAR up the wall, amid the eglantine,
Her window stood embow'rd in thickest green;
And oft she came throughout the livelong day
To sigh, and muse upon the changing scene.

'Twas there the sweetest breath of morning stole,
And brightest there the dews of evening lay;
There wand'ring bees sipped nectar hour by hour,
And murmured dreamily their lullaby.

From her high seat she saw the shining bay,
And where the singing river kissed the shore:
From it she watched the dreary winter pass,
And longed for summer twilight as of yore.

Once in her eyes a 'witching coyness played,
Once o'er her cheeks the mantling blushes spread;
But now on them there lay a winter's snow,
And from her eyes the glance of youth had fled.

One partner shared the quiet of her room—
A linnet caged, that fluttered all the day:
She tended it, and loved its merry trill—
A song of joyous welcome to the May.

'At last,' she said, 'thou long-sought one, at last!
Thou fill'st the world from brook to sunny sky;
O Spring, thou thrice-blest daughter of the year;
O thou who comest when the snowdrops die.

'And May is here—the month of love and flowers:
One year ago, a weary year to me,
I know so well the way we used to take,
And see the moonlight glitter on the sea.

'Heaven knows, I loved him in those happy days
With all a girl's first love—and not too well;
But in my inmost heart the secret lay;
And still I cherish what I could not tell.

'I well remember how he bade "good-bye,"
Under the trees beside the glassy river,
And how he took my hand and drew me near,
And kissed a fond farewell, as if for ever.

'And thou, sweet bird, art singing of thy skies,
Thy rills, thy mossy bank, thy ivy tree,
And of thy mate upon the breezy hills,
And days that swiftly flew when thou wast free.

'And I, a captive too within these walls,
Am living o'er again my sunny past,
And dreaming olden dreams of youth and hope,
Too sweet, too fair, too ravishing to last.

'Oh, give me one bright hour from out the past!
One moment of that vanished golden year;
Oh, break these bonds, and make me free once more!
'Twere but a living death, a lifetime here.'

W. BROWN.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.